

VOL. 1, NO. 37

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

OCTOBER 23, 1943

"Let's Go" Coming Friday Nite

Bowling League Games Start Monday

A round-robin bowling tournament including teams representing every detachment in camp, gets underway Monday night. Teams will consist of 5 players, each of whom will bowl 3 games on league nights. After the first week's play, handicaps will be given, depending on a team's previous average.

All games will start at 6:00 P.M. on nights of competition. At the conclusion of the tournament, various prizes will be awarded. Here is the coming week's schedule:

Monday—TC vs. QM.
Wednesday—Band vs. Ord.
Thursday—MP vs. Serv.
Friday—Medics vs. Casual.

—LET'S "ALL" BUY BONDS—

Hospital Rec. Bldg. Officially Opened

In an entertaining program arranged by the Red Cross staff for hospital personnel, patients, officers, and members of the Riverside County Chapter, the Hosp. Rec. Bldg. was officially opened October 15th.

Guest speakers were Col. Wood, Col. Sarles, and Miss Helen Mason, Asst. Field Director of the Red Cross.

Our Anza orchestra provided the music for the well received show which included Eileen and Betty Newer, Hollywood songstresses, and William Larsen and his assistant, who astounded the audience with their feats of magic.

Refreshments were served by members of the Camp Anza Auxiliary acting as hostesses.

—ZIP-A-LIP—

Congratulations . . .

Zip, on behalf of the entire camp personnel, extends best wishes to Col. and Mrs. Sarles on their wedding anniversary yesterday. Many happy returns.



1st Lt. Roberts and his bride, 2nd Lt. Ann E. Oshann, A.N.C., leaving the post chapel amidst a shower of rice after their wedding on Tuesday, October 12th, 1943.

Free Transportation to USC-Col. of Pacific Game

Here's a good deal! Transportation to and from the U.S.C.-College of Pacific football game (both undefeated) at Los Angeles today, will be provided to all EM's off duty or with permission to go. The convoy will leave from the Area "B" gym at 11:00 A.M., so early chow will be provided those going. Admission to the game for EM's is free.

—BUY WAR BONDS—

Save on Film Developing At Post Exchanges

For your convenience and economy the PX's will have your films developed and printed at great savings. The work done is the finest and delivery is good. For something novel in the way of greetings, see the folder on photographic Xmas cards. A negative of your selection is reproduced on these cards and a sentiment of your choice added. These make distinctive Xmas greetings and the price for printing is nominal.

More GI's Needed for Musical Comedy Show

Production on the "original" Camp Anza musical show is already under way, but many good roles remain uncast. There's an abundance of excellent material and songs, and as mentioned before, a role will be created, if necessary, to suit your individual talent. Don't feel you must be a professional to appear, anyone with the slightest ability can be used. Suggest yourself to Lt. Buckridge at the Theatre and—let's put this show over.

—ZIP-A-LIP—

Sock Outdoor Show Presented at ASTC

With the swingy Camp Haan band supplying the tunes, another great show was unravelled at the ASTC Outdoor Theatre, Friday night, October 22.

Cully Richards and Desi Arnaz, sharing the spotlight as M.C.'s, kept the pace fast and funny with their skits and chatter. Desi did a song and dance number with his

(Cont. on Page 3)

Here it comes, "Jackson", that solid, in the groove show, that 4 alarm musical revue featuring Harlem's headline performers. It's "Let's Go," something different in the way of USO shows, brought here for your fun and pleasure and guaranteed to garner your applause.

Managed by that versatile juggler, comedian and showman, George Rowland, the cast includes: Louis Kelsey, who has worked with Count Basie and Erskine Hawkins; Victoria Vigal, husky voiced blues singer; the three Reeves Sisters, a flashy dance act with an original style and all "class", and many others.

It'll be a jivey jamboree, so everybody "jump", and "Let's Go" Friday night.

Open to all, admission as usual, free. Consult the bulletin board for time and place.

—ARE "YOU" BUYING BONDS—

Info on Bowling And Billiards

The bowling alleys and billiard tables in the Area "A" gym are available for use to all EM's and civilian personnel daily from 1:30 P.M. to 10:00 P.M. Tuesday nights are reserved solely for officers and nurses of Anza and the ASTC.

Bowling is 15c a line, which includes 7c for the pin-boy. Billiards is 2½ cents a cue per game. Pin-boys are needed, particularly in the afternoons, so if you'd like to pick up some loose change propose yourself to Lt. Carpenter.

Cigarettes and candy can be purchased, soft drinks will be available soon.

—BUY WAR BONDS—

2nd Lt. Kellogg Back 'Home'

Just assigned as C.O. of the Casual Det. on the post is 2nd Lt. Kellogg, formerly stationed here as an EM. Glad to see you back, Lt., and the best of luck.



Special Service Officer
1ST Lt. A. W. MINARD
Editor
PVT. ELI BELL

Anza Zip is printed by Rubidoux Printing Company, a civilian enterprise, in the interests of national defense.

VOL. 1, NO. 37 OCTOBER 23, 1943

Ignorance . . .

This is the last in a series of articles on "security education." Throughout, we have shown you how in many different ways any individual can be drawn and misled into revealing information of a secret nature. We hope that these articles have proven of value to you and urge you never to forget that "security" is as important a factor towards the winning of this war as any. . . . Today we discuss "ignorance."

Many people give away vital information simply because they have no idea of how enemy intelligence works. They can't or won't realize that intelligence is not a matter of waylaying generals and stealing completed plans but of putting two and two together, of collecting bits and fragments of information from thousands of sources and finally cleverly evaluating these bits of information into a dangerous report.

What then is our clear duty? First and foremost, keep our own lips zipped so that instinctive security-mindedness becomes second nature. When we automatically shut up like clams whenever strangers or UNAUTHORIZED parties try to get us to discuss our work, or what we know, then we can be assured that we are on the right track. Second, to spread the gospel of "security" among others. If we can do these two things, our contribution to the war effort will be great. . . . Be a soldier and a man, SAFEGUARD MILITARY INFORMATION.

— YOUR BEST BUY . . . BONDS —

Yank Horsemen Fight Nazis

Italy—American volunteer cavalrymen—most of them cowboys or ex-farmers—are operating on the Italian front, the Allied command has announced. The cavalrymen, known as the Provisional Mounted Reconnaissance Troops, are the American answer to the tough terrain. Most of the horses were captured but a few were shipped from the United States.

— ZIP-A-LIP —

Vet Gets Bonus at 19

Concord, N. H.—Nineteen-year-old Donald Elliot of Plymouth, Mass., who served 18 months in the Army and was wounded at Guadalcanal has received New Hampshire's first World War II bonus. The State gave Elliot a check for \$100, a bonus for which more than 200 other World War II veterans already have filed claims.

Anza Antics . . .

Stuff and Guff About the Guys in the Next Tent

* * *

TC WE WONDER HOW COME: First Sgt. Richard Buckman is wandering around with that certain glint in his eyes? . . . T/5 Robert Benson is always "auctioning" things off in his sleep? . . . Pfc. Leo King insists on being so annoyingly cheerful? . . . M/Sgt. Roy Dow always looks as though he stepped out of the proverbial bandbox? . . . T/Sgt. John Cook ever got the idea that he is an expert horseshoe pitcher? . . . T/5 Matthew Stepanski keeps talking about his "little" woman? . . . Pfc. Charles Grannick gets all the latest latrine rumors? . . . Pfc. John Large expects to raise a new crop of hair on his bald spot? . . . Cpl. Tom Arena and Pfc. Sam Stephens escaped from the matrimonial noose on their recent furloughs? . . . T/5 Abe Hyman keeps writing two full pages to his sugar every day with nothing to write about? . . . T/5 Richard Capen never goes on that much proposed diet? . . . Pvt. Dan Ventura arranged things so that his new daughter made her debut on the eve of increased dependency allowances? . . . Why members of this detachment don't turn in items for the "Zip"? . . .

—by Cpl. Roland Bozzi

* * *

Medics THE ONLY THINGS really important this week are: That barracks five took a beating—including Sgt. Margullen; and Cpl. Ralph English fell off of a match stick. The only things really mad are the married men passing their time away in the day-room. And the cutest things are naturally the girl Umphry was dancing with last Tuesday night; MacArthur's mustache; and Sgt. Fenton's puppy. I imagine the pup likes salt in its beer, too. Pardon me for getting off the subject but Pvt. Seft wanted his name in here and I have to do that now before I forget. . . . Getting back to things. Those exciting were few and far between. Two guys tripped going to early chow and one man bought five packs of gum, and another skinned his arm in a football game. But that is all. Pardon me again, but Steinberg wanted his name right about here. By the time you read this Sgt. Clark should be back from his furlough at the Mission Inn. Also, when you finish this, Cpl. Miele should have X-ray well in hand. But I say again there are not many things really important. By next week though, half of the detachment will be out of the hospital and the weather will be a bit warmer and things will start humming. So, just pardon me again while I mention a certain guy who wanted his name right here. . . .

—by S/Sgt. Robert Tesmer

* * *

MPs IT IS RUMORED that T/5 Ruggiero and Pfc. Scarpitta are forming a partnership. Ruggiero has the car and Scarpitta, the trailer. Any room for a third? . . . Why is "Red" Judo Bellante so disgusted with his two proteges "Bunny Toes" Brunner and "Chief Little Wolf" Verrochi? . . . T/5 Romeo has finally found his home—the laundry gate! . . . We have a comedian in our midst who should do well in Hollywood, ie. Pvt. Shafran. . . . What is the unique manner that "Musty" Muskie has, to arouse Pvt. Shanley from slumber? . . . Pfc. Bulanda seems to be in a quandry since "Major" Albright left for the Windy City. . . . Why is Pfc. Graziosa so chummy with Big Mike Fraina lately. Does his "amour" have a daughter? . . . The boys in Bks. No. 3 welcomed heartily a new addition Sunday—or was it because he owns a radio? . . . The boys at the Stockade thought they had a visitor from the British 8th Army the other day, but it turned out to be our own Pfc. Sam Smith in his new outfit. . . . New situation: T/5's doing K.P. or so it seems to T/5 Geier who was studying up the situation this week. . . . Welcome back, Pvts. Fezza and Kendrick, both of whom look pale and worn out . . . We are also glad to see back Cpl. Buster Mitchell, who is the regular exponent of wit and humor in the M.P. Detachment.

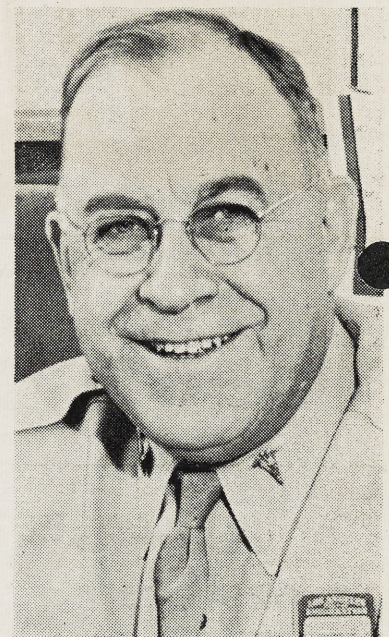
—by Pfc. Fraina & Pvt. Daly

* * *

Officers TID-BITS: Did Lt. Prescott bite off more than he could chew when he started that mustache garden? Or did Zip's relentless campaign persuade him to zip off that weed of his. The cause doesn't matter, the barren lip's better, Lt.—frankly. . . . Anza's Six Swordsmen are open for engagements—that is for weddings, to be exact—no service charge. Isn't that an inducement to some of you single officers—or is it a reason to maintain your single blessedness—so called? . . . And as there must come to all men and women, so there came to Anza's officers—bowling. Col. Wood, recipient of a prize (?) also became the recipient of a partial limp

(Cont. on Page 3)

Zip Presents . . .



Capt. G. S. Weaver,
Station Veterinarian

One of the most authoritative officers on the post in the field they supervise, his many years experience giving him that distinction, is our genial Post Vet. Capt. Weaver.

Devoted to his home state, the Capt. was born in London, Ohio, March 31, 1886. He attended grade school there, prepped at Wittenburg Academy in Springfield, Ohio, and graduated at Ohio State U. in 1908 in Veterinary Medicine.

His first job was with the U. S. Bureau of Animal Industry in Chicago as meat inspector. After five years of practical work, he transferred to field work in connection with hog-cholera control. Here was a subject to his particular interest, important to the livestock industry, and for six years he buried himself in research and gained enormous educational experience. In September 1919 he resigned to work in the Extension Service of the South Dakota State College of Agriculture. This consisted of educational work among farmers on the control of contagious diseases of livestock. He lectured throughout the state, held consultations with practicing Vets., gave demonstrations on disease control, wrote bulletins, news articles, etc., on the subject, and as a sideline judged livestock at exhibitions.

In June 1923 he received his commission as a member of the Officers Reserve Corps and in the years following attended five different training schools. In August 1942 he was ordered to duty at Omaha, Neb., and subsequently transferred to the Los Angeles P. of E. as Asst. Port Vet. In December of last year he was assigned to Anza as Post Vet.

Proud to be of service in the present crisis, the Capt., like all of

(Cont. on Page 3)

Thru the Keyhole

Lt. Carpenter establishing a matrimonial bureau. . . . Have you noticed the automobile license plates of Lt. Midulla (1942), Chaplain Havens (so rusty you can't see the numbers), and Captain Tenke's with the huge M.D. . . . A certain 6:30 Club dinner dance where Lt. Williams really got the "Eephus" on Speer. . . . Betty Kinnich running over the board rail in front of Headquarters. . . . Captain Weaver enjoying a mountain-snow setting from his office window. . . . Capt. Graney losing weight while his associate Lt. Williamson just gains and gains. . . . Lt. Ryan, better known as "Old Baldy" finally getting lucky. . . . Major Johnson getting a slight remuneration for his efforts in the \$100 baseball pool. . . . Lt. Head entertained his payroll section with a lovely dinner-dance, he took the bones home for his Great Dane. . . . Lorene Porter is terrible when it comes to winning on the pin ball machine. . . . Doris Mann of the Sales Office, importing a washing machine clear from the east. . . . Mary Sarles likes everything about the trailer house except the combination bathtub and sink. . . . Lt. Feld and only "tree and a half years old." . . . Orchids to Lt. Cline who is recuperating nicely. . . . Why does Chief Meiers wear his hat so far back on his head? . . . Dorothy Dunham has resigned from the Ordnance to keep house, who for? . . . The special noon-day conference upstairs at the Officer's Club really transacts some exciting business. . . . Seven to go and Maj. Hinson will catch Captain Thorpe. . . . "Mac" McClendon has a certain "Drafty" complex—greetings. . . . The gang at Lt. Bussio's post office have gotten out the coffee pot. . . . Old vaudeville days were revived when Captain Slagle played the wine glasses. . . . He's home isn't he Elma Redfern? . . . "We" need approximately \$300 per pay day more for Bond deductions to really click. How about you, won't you help us? . . . Jane and Matty Stepanski celebrating Jane's birthday. . . . Crowned as champions on the marble machines are Captains Chambers and Hicks. . . . "Sleepy" Shobe playing with a Calculator, odd isn't it? . . . Lt. Giunta arriving home at a wee hour with an alarm clock. . . . Handsome Arnold Krenek dishing out heart throbs with his sodas and stuff.

—ZIP-A-LIP—

Capt. G. S. Weaver, Station Veterinarian

(Cont. from Page 2)

us, is anxiously awaiting the conclusion of the war, and return to his field work and loved hobby of livestock. He misses too the opportunity to engage in Masonic activities of which society he is a member of the Blue Lodge, Royal Arch, Knights Templar, Consistory and Shrine.

Anza Antics . . .

(Cont. from Page 2)

which will disappear unless the Colonel insists in trying to better that score of—(military secret). Rumor has it—that at best is indirect reporting—that Captains Chambers and Slagle bowl a wicked game—and that Major Hawkinson isn't a slouch with the pins. The female contingent led by the mighty Kretch and numbering in their midst such luminaries as Klein, Waldon, Wicklund and Gerlach, managed to have the ball ooze its way, tickle the pins and have them drop with hilarious exhaustion. It won't be long before it'll be the old story—males vs. females, or "Bowl Me Over." . . . Lt. Midulla is very much worried in his cubicle at the Officers' Club. Nights are getting chilly, he doesn't have an ample supply of the wherewithal to keep the spirit of members reasonably warm and content, and so, he shifts about uneasily. . . . More shifts: Capt. Thomas and Lt. Fox to Fort Custer to attend a military school, Lt. Loughrey back after his temporary duty at the Port, Capt. Ames—on sick leave—shifting around among his old haunts. Signals off. . . . Thanks for reading.

—by Capt. Fred E. Maisel, M. C.

QM-Ordnance

LOOKS AS THOUGH T/Sgt. Bigelow is going to have to move back to camp to get a little sleep. Seems that baby Nancy has the bad habit of arising and crying about 0230. . . . Another guy here is going to have to get a little more sleep and rest, namely Pfc. "Gus" Augustin. The reason we say that is because he went out the other P. M. to get a Sunday paper and came back with two of them, both the same. . . . Well, Ordnance has a bowling team and by the looks of things should cop the crown easily. The keggers on the team are: T/4 Meikle, captain; Cpl. Nugent, Pfc. Wilgus, Pfc. Potter, Pfc. Koch, Pfc. Sorensen, and S/Sgt. Klaskin, manager. . . . Sights around the small arms shop on a rainy day: S/Sgt. Walck running around getting his brood hopping. Cpl. Lees and Sgt. Parris discussing the relative merits of "Little Lena" and "Gentle Annie," the Wac. "Sinatra" Godlewski crooning soft and low and thinking how he'd like to be in Petaluma. T/Sgt. Bigelow snarling as he pours over his M.R.'s, O.S.D.'s, etc. Pvt. Harris thinking about pay day and T/3 Kelsey dreaming about his next T.D.P. "Gimpy" Duda and "Stoneface" Bukowski trying to decide who is the ugliest of the two. T/4 "Russky" Maharidge working on his miniature bolo.

Pome: Who was the guy that dropped the gun,
Get his rank and serial number,
Instead of being an Ordnanceman,
He should have been a plumber.

Two liner to Pvt. Harris:
Get the big hammer
And slam 'er.

—by S/Sgt. Lloyd S. Klaskin

P. S.: To B.V.P. Thanks for the contribution to the paper. However in the future please just drop it in my mail box as the envelope was opened by the censors and certain items deleted. Also it cost me two cents to get it and a long walk to the post office because there was no return address on it and "free" written across the top. The items will appear in the next issue. L. K.

Svce. Det.

"I GUESS YOU KNOW why I'm here?" Pvt. L. K. Googer's famous words. This time he's talking to a GI truck. . . . Pfc. Lawson and his cook pals are planning to form a "So-lock Club" with Pvt. George W. Johnson as treasurer; M. B. Moss, secretary; Joseph V. Johnson, chaplain; T/5 George S. Willis, sergeant-at-arms. The purpose of the organization is to provide Pvt. Thomas (cook) Burton with rubber diapers. . . . Slightly on the serious side: Many requests have been brought to our attention of men desiring to make (nuisance) loans, \$10 maximum, from the Sad Pal Fund. This is impossible, however, if you men so want it, 'cause it's your dough, bring your dues up to date. This means every man . . . and a separate fund will be set up to serve you. Remember the aim of the Sad Pal Fund is to reduce your mental tension during your everyday life at Anza. . . . Pvt. Andrew Midds is sporting a new name—"Al Capone." And his "wolf" is for sale but "Mexicana Bill" is not ready to buy it just now. . . . Have you noticed how "chesty" the married men are at retreat and how "deflated" they are at reveille? . . . By the way—who started this importation of women idea? . . . It's a disease now and over half of the Det. has "got it bad." . . . Guess it's good to have "sumpin' on the stick."

—by Cpl. Guy L. Miller, Jr.

(Cont. on Page 4)

Chaplain's Corner . . .

By Chaplain Jasper C. Havens

THE REAL WAR

Are we clear as to what we are fighting for? We think we are. The free nations have arisen up to say with all their might that the monster and ruthless, organized pagan dictatorship shall be driven from the earth. This kind of thinking, alone, will only plunge us into another war just as soon after the present war is over as the nations can regain enough strength to go at it again.

The Christian conception is that the true "world war" is a war between God and Satan, between Christ and Anti-Christ. That war does not begin when nations join battle, nor cease when they declare peace. (See Ephesians 6:12). Because many are indifferent to this spiritual war, we do not win the victory in human character and relations which could prevent war between nations. We may win the war and lose the peace, however, we can and must win both. There will never be a "war to end war," but only a "peace to end war."

—ARE "YOU" BUYING BONDS—

Sock Outdoor Show Presented at ASTC

(Cont. from Page 1)

wife, movie star Lucille Ball, and did the "wolves" howl. Desi might just as well have been sitting that one out. But that was nothing. When Amarilla did her dance, Ah-h-woo-oo-ooh, the "wolves" really vented their pleasure. (You liked that strip dance, didn't you, fellas.)

Jack Haley was there too, had the boys rolling in the aisles with his act. He and Miss Ball put over a riotous duet. . . . The last act was the Andrews Sisters who obliged with encore after encore, and got a terrific reception. Those girls put more rhythm into a song that twelve hula girls do in a snaky dance. All in all, a riot of a show.

—ZIP-A-LIP—

"Congrats" . . . to

Pvt. Paul F. Thorpe of the Med. Det. who married his childhood sweetheart, Alicia Diaz, on October 15, in Los Angeles.

Bring her around, Paul, the "boys" have heard she's lovely and would like to meet her.

—YOUR BEST BUY . . . BONDS—

Seattle — Preparing to fingerprint a recruit sailor, Pharmacist Mate Roy Schaeffer, told the gob to wash his hands.

"Both of them?" the sailor asked.

Schaeffer thought that one over a minute.

"No," he said. "Just one. I want to see how you do it."

Reader's Column . . .

THE HERO

"What did you do in the war, daddy? How did you win the war?"

Where did you get your uniform that hangs from the closet door?

Mother, she says you served your time; that's certainly no disgrace;

But whenever I ask her what you did, she sniggers and makes a face."

"A trivial cog was I
In the Services of Supply;
I filled our Form 350 in my most
meticulous way;
I filled it out and filled it out and
filled it out all day;
And when I'd finished filling it
out, I filled 350a.
Now beat it."

"Is that the best you did, daddy?
Didn't you see the scrap?
Charlie's father, he sank a sub,
and Dorothy's killed a Jap;
Elmer's mother, she joined the
Spars, and Tommy's, she was
a Wave;
What did you do yourself, daddy,
so wonderful and brave?"

"I was an Army clerk;
I typed out all the work.
With a slip of the pen
Lost fifty men
Who never thereafter were seen
again;
I sharpened pencils and dusted
desks; I mopped and scrubbed
the floor;
And you've got the nerve to ask
me, what did I do in the war!
Scram!"

"How did you win that ribbon,
then, and the chevron on
your coat?
Did you get to Africa, daddy,
dear, or weren't you on the
boat?"

"Each stripe I wear
As a Legionnaire
I earned by my efforts, fair and
square.

While other fellows were driving
tanks and sinking enemy
ships,

I saved the day in my own sweet
way with Quartermaster slips.
I got the colonel—believe it or
not—eight gross of paper
clips!

Wanna make something of it?
—Norman R. Jaffray.

In order to clarify many situations that will arise in the minds of the young, inexperienced officers now being detailed to administrative functions, there has been compiled at Randolph Field, the following explanatory glossary of phraseology frequently encountered in military correspondence and discussions.

"Transmitted to you."—You try

Anza Antics . . .

(Cont. from Page 3)

Special Training Ctr.

PFC. HOWARD MUSSER is well on the road back since he quit having so much trouble with flat feet—they used to arrest him. . . . "The bitter tea of Walter B."—his transfer all arranged to Palo Alto, Pfc. Walter Bedwell was sent instead to a reception center—for dogs. . . . Very much appreciated was the chance to listen to the baseball games last week. It really would be nice if we could have permission to listen to the daily news reports on how our "teams" all over the globe are doing in this real "World Series." . . . Sgt. Harold "Inertia" Townes has been rechristened. The boys have dubbed him "Sanka"—"All the active ingredients removed." . . . To quote from Cpl. Thomas "Solid" Jackson, "For a certain sergeant on this post I have nothin' but mistletoe in me rear pocket." . . . Have you noticed the drowsy married men of Co. A who, under the new regime, have to arise in the weary wee hours in order to get to camp in time to stand reveille; or, how much Co. C has improved since T/Sgt. Paul Shafer took over; or, how long and hungry the mornings have been since the P.X. quit its A. M. schedule? Have you met the bride of Co. A, our jovial Chinese friend, Pvt. Woo Moon? . . . Civilization is certainly lucky that Hitler was only a Corporal. Think what would have happened if he'd been a Sergeant Major. . . . Here's a suggestion turned in to improve conditions at the Mess Hall (besides all those which recommended the use of TNT and well-dropped block busters). "Our custard always looks like rice-pudding. Why can't the flies be taught that the food is much better at the P.X." . . . Sorry to be writing "30" to such a grand paper. To all those who have been mentioned in this column, thanks for your forgiveness. To all who weren't mentioned—we didn't forget you, but had to keep it clean. So long, gang. It's tough to leave such a swell bunch, but it still feels good to be joining that part of the army whose chief concern is the theatre of operations and not the operation of theatres. . . . 30 . . . 30.

—by Sgt. Frederick J. Miles

Civilians

Lt. Head does all right for himself. A bevy of beautiful women, steak, Officers Club, steak, Camp Anza, steak, all as a farewell for Lorna Lee Earl who leaves us Thursday for USC. . . . Anyone wanting to speak to T/5 Matty Stepanski, just step into the Ladies Room in Military Personnel. He has personally taken the responsibility of keeping the heater warm. Thanx Matt. . . . It's hello and goodbye . . . hello to something mighty nice that answers to the name of Mary Reeves in Civilian Personnel. The Motor Pool waves fond farewell to Clara Alberts, Thomas Burnett and June Hoyles. And maybe there will be a little peace and quiet for Kelly and "Grouchie" when Trudy Zilz leaves Friday. . . . Brenta Mae Conrad is all San Francisco and champagne minded after spending a week there. . . . No, Chris Johnson, you can't have a month's vacation to recuperate from that nasty bump you received when walking directly into File Cabinet No. 1. . . . If excitement is what you are looking for, step into the Service Club any day at noon and watch a rip-roaring game of checkers between Frankie Douglas and . . . nope, we won't tell. . . . Jess Webber, we hope you feel better and will be back with us soon. Personally, after reading this last effort of mine, I don't know whether you will want to be here by Friday to say goodbye to me.

—by Alice Deverich

holding the bag awhile—I'm tired of it.

"Under consideration."—Never heard of it.

"Concur generally."—Have not read the document and don't want to be bound by anything I say.

"In conference."—Gone out, don't know where he is.

"Kindly expedite reply."—For God's sake try and find the papers.

"Passed to higher authority."—Pigeon-holed in a more sumptuous office.

"Appropriate action."—Do you know what to do with it? We don't.

"Giving him the picture."—Long, confusing and inaccurate statement to a newcomer.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

Women are like newspapers because:

They have forms;
Are made up;
Have bold types;
Always have the last word;
Back numbers are not in demand;
They have a great deal of influence;
They are well worth looking over;
You can't believe everything they say;
They carry the news wherever they go;
They're never afraid to speak;
They are much thinner than

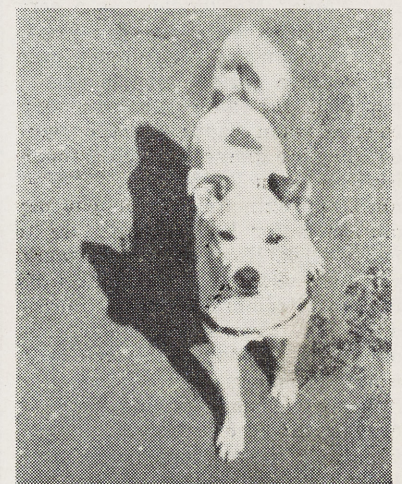
Anza Sportlights . . .

The bowling league will start soon so all you guys who've been inquiring have patience. Bowling shoes may be provided and meantime the alleys are being worked into top shape. . . . There's been talk of a basketball team being organized to represent the camp in outside competition. More on that later. . . . The Casual Det. softball team beat the Officers and Medics in games last week, then were knocked off by the Station Complement team, 14-1. Beating Anderson is no cinch, he's a terrific pitcher. . . . When there's nothing boiling on the old Hot Stove, a guy can always tell a Lefty Gomez yarn. Like, for instance when Lefty hit a triple one day while the Yankees were playing the Browns. Pulling up at the far turn, Gomez suggested to Coach Art Fletcher that he be permitted to steal home. "Steal home?" cried Fletcher, a horrified look crossing his face. "It took you ten years in this league to get as far as third and now you want to spoil it." . . . See you at the U.S.C.-College of Pacific gridiron tussle today. Should be a corker.

—ZIP-A-LIP

Buster Promoted

Anyone not recognizing the figure in the photo is lucky. "Buster" probably hasn't been around mashing up your laundry yet. . . . Anyway . . . lovable "Buster" is now



sporting a set of Cpl. stripes. He's been "bucking" for a long time (neither "Lady" nor her pups would acknowledge him), so in sympathy and justification, for he is a veteran of the post, it's been seen fit to promote him even though he is a Medic.

Be a nice "doggie," Cpl. Buster, and it'll be O.C.S. soon. . . . AND LAY OFF OUR WASH.

they used to be;

Every man should have one of his own and not borrow one from his neighbor.